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REV. MR. KIRK'S ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY,

August 1, 1844.

THE GREATNESS OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

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A D D R E S S .

CERTAIN phenomena of the mind are very mysterious, and seem to indicate a mysterious connection with worlds and beings unseen. Philosophy indeed has ventured to account for them, by asserting the existence of a previous state, of which the soul still retains vague, but delightful remembrances. This misty theory, however, has now given place to the clear announcements of revelation. The theory we reject. The facts we deem worthy of close observation. There are in man sentiments, faculties, and aspirings which reveal, as by glimpses, a hidden world superior to any thing that we know through the senses. These sentiments, functions and exercises of the soul are of very opposite kinds; some, pure and lofty; others, terrible perversions, illusions and wanderings, equally revealing the grandeur of its functions and of its destiny. I allude for example, to the prevalent discontent of the world, which, although sinful in itself, is an indication and perversion of that which is most ennobling. We pity and condemn, while we admire the soul's dissatisfaction, its insatiable longings that no possession of earth, no worldly success can gratify. The richest man feels himself poor, and wants more; the mightiest conqueror weeps to find the world circumscribing the field of his enterprise and triumphs. Michael Angelo dies with forms of beauty and grandeur in his mind, unchisselled and unpainted.

He never stood and gazed at the Sistine chapel, (where his genius has left its proudest monument,) or at St. Peter's pile, (to the beauty of which he mainly contributed,) and said, I am satisfied. He aspired, he hoped, at the end, as at the beginning of his artistic race. You have observed that on the thrones of the earth, in the courts of princes, in the superior places of power, on the crowned heights of fame and wealth, the heart is as really discontented, as in the lower walks of life. In fact the higher you raise man, and the more you enlarge his possessions, the more he betrays this infinite thirst, this towering ambition, this contempt of what is, and of what is possessed. I am not justifying it; I am not unaware of the depravity it betrays; it betrays depravity however only as a perversion of all that is grand in the spirit created after God's image.

And then there are childish fancies, which belong to no other creature than man in his infancy. Do you remember the wish so often indulged, that you could fly? After lying upon the grass in the shade of a bright summer afternoon, and watching the graceful motion of the birds, and seeming to be yourself a swallow floating and skimming the verdant meadow, you have retired to rest, and still in dreams, burst the fetters of gravitation and swung along over fields and houses and trees; "skimmed the earth, soared above the clouds, bathed in the elysian dew of the rainbow, inhaled the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyrs scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hasperides." The most rational of the quadrupeds never dream so. I may have attached too much to it; while, on the other hand, it may be more than a cerebral excitement. It may be the struggling of a spirit born for freedom, weary of its present state of enslavement to sense and matter, and now rejoicing even to imagine itself free. The love of romance and of legends, the greedy devour-

ings of the Arabian nights' entertainments are among the perversions which have to us the same mystical signification. The lunatic in his ravings has exposed to our view some heights and depths of the human soul on which we had never looked before. We have heard him utter songs of praise and strains of eloquence that allied him to seraphs; and in an instant the blasphemies of damned spirits, the deep thunder notes, the harshest gratings of hell's discord tore our distracted ear. How wonderful, we have exclaimed, is the human soul! We have watched its healthful movements too, and reached the same result. The memory that gives to the child of yesterday the venerable antiquity of the globe it inhabits—the imagination that makes the Christian of the nineteenth century the familiar companion of that old Chaldean patriarch who founded the Jewish nation, and of that Jewish Egyptian sage who founded its polity—the imagination that gives the inhabitant of a few square inches of earth a partial omnipresence, and annihilates time and space, and makes the past, present, future and distant all equally now and here; that admirable creative faculty which makes and adorns fairer worlds than have ever met the dull eye;—these, as well as Faith and Hope and Prayer are to us wonderful, all wonderful, when we have reached the meaning of them. They all, good and bad, alike indicate a spiritual nature with its own peculiar, illimitable desires, its exalted relations, its boundless sphere of action.

You see it is the soul of which I mean to speak; man's true and very self; of man in his superior nature, and of the more important departments of that nature. And to reach our object. I would lead you to survey the higher faculties of man—the causes of their being neglected—the consequences of that neglect, and the remedy.

THE HIGHER FACULTIES.

In asserting that there is something in man conferring

on him an infinite value, I have not adduced the clear testimony of revelation. There the peculiar origin of man's spirit is figuratively represented by the breathing of God himself into a material frame which he had constructed like the rest of the universe, of inert matter. There his immortality is declared, there his companionship with angelic beings, and his relations to God and the universe are represented as most sublime. There the value of the soul is set forth in the price of its redemption, as incalculable by man himself. But we have omitted all this ; preferring, on this occasion, to reach our position from the point of common observation, from actual phenomena, which none can even question. And we shall presume it to be admitted by all parties, that there is in man something of incalculable value ; that he is a being endowed with exalted faculties, and created for a glorious destiny. And with this admission in view, we ask you to observe the employments, the hopes, the condition, the conversation, the pleasures of the multitude, the majority of men. You must admit that you see little there in harmony with this theory of his dignity. And popular as the theory is, readily believed as it is in its general form, yet so far are men's daily thoughts from it, and so little influence does it exert on us, that it is as really necessary to bring up the evidence of our own superior endowments and responsibilities as though it were doubted or denied.

The most precious of God's gifts to man, are his intellect and his moral faculties. Let us survey them separately ; observing first the various forms of mere intellect and intellectual sensibility. This exalts man because it gives his weak frame power to subdue the strongest beasts of the earth, and bend the rugged forces and the tortuous works of nature to subserve his purposes. It is elevating, because it is one of the endowments which most ennoble man in the estimation of his fellow-man ; and because it gives fellowship with the noblest minds ; and because it

makes him capable of intelligent alliance to Truth and to the whole mighty intellectual system. The intellect by itself however, is not comparable to the moral nature of man. It may be elevated indeed in the contemplation of sublimity, beauty and truth ; gigantic in its comprehension of vastness, multitude and variety, and in its flights toward the infinite. Still, it is a subordinate endowment, and never so exalted as when it is subjected to the moral sentiments. I propose to survey the grandeur of each human soul by selecting from the common inheritance of mind some of the finest specimens. And this I do, supposing that each of us has something of the same rich endowment, though it may be in altogether less degree than is possessed by others.

Intellect has been the predominant quality in great warriors ; although generally separated from all the better sentiments. There it has appeared in stupendous forms. The battles, the campaigns of Hannibal, of Turenne, and Marlborough, Washington, Wellington and Napoleon, were, if you could consider them apart from the ambition, selfishness, and cruelty which actuated many of them, and the individual suffering they caused, splendid displays of mental power. It was not by brute force, but by intellect they conquered. And while we admire that intellectual might of Napoleon, let us remember that there is in every mind here, at least the germ of that very energy and power of combination, that capacity for observation of men and facts, that memory and discernment and judgment which so eminently characterized him. The power of intellect has distinguished all eminent painters, sculptors, architects and musical composers. Place before you those three men of genius, Angelo, Raphael and Rubens, and admire the magnificence of created intellect. The first was Painter, Sculptor, Architect, Poet and Engineer. His mind was a world peopled by ideas vast and sublime. The anatomy of his figures was astonishingly accurate. But while he

conformed thus rigidly to nature, his figures in their air, attitude and action surpassed nature. They were men, but unearthly men. His prophets are corporeal expressions of the holiness and majesty of their office. There is a masculine energy in his conceptions that really overpowers you more than nature's realities. Raphael, on the contrary, excelled in beauty, purity of form and perfection of design. He fully revived the severe beauty of the antique. Rubens moved in another world. To speak only of his excellencies, he was full of poetry and carried all nature in his memory. His works abound in richness of composition, luxuriant harmony and brilliancy of coloring. But who can enumerate even the surviving monuments of intellectual power, taste and true sentiment! We should here pass in review all the public and private galleries of painting and statuary in Europe, the surviving architecture of Europe and Asia; as well the magnificent productions of the Grecian chisel, the Apollo, the Jupiter, the Venus, the Torso, the Gladiator and the Parthenon, as the less beautiful but more majestic productions of Egyptian genius, the Karnak, the Pyramids, the Sphinxes; the wonders of Roman, Saxon, Saracenic art, and the endless richness and luxuriousness of the architectural genius of the middle ages in Europe. Nor should the works of Handel, Hayden, Mozart and Beethoven be forgotten in our catalogue.

Then let us turn to the men of science, the philosophers, the sages, the legislators and statesmen who have carried forward the human race in its career of civilization. Plato has been called a blessed spirit who chooses for a time to take up his abode on earth, to communicate that which is necessary to it. There is in him a distinguishing purity of thought, a grandeur of soul, a noble aspiring, a freedom and vigor of imagination, in a word, a pure spirituality; and then a power of embodying the most spiritual conceptions in the most exquisite forms, which force us to

admire the created intellect of man. And what a gigantic force do we behold in Aristotle, who bound the human mind in chains for two thousand years, and is still fettering one of the most important universities in England! He seems to have labored among men with a consciousness of his commission to give an intellectual regeneration to the world. To his penetrating, industrious spirit, the treasures of matter, mind and philosophy lay open; so that he could employ as it liked him, the nature or the reason of things to erect the great throne on which he sat so long undisputed sovereign of the intellectual world.

Now turn with us to another class of intellectual faculties which exhibit the dignity of man—the poetic.

The poetic faculty, whether receptive or creative, is an evidence that the human spirit is great. Through it in every age the soul of man has uttered its profoundest thoughts and feelings. When human society existed in its simpler states, and before philosophy and science had interrupted the dominion of fancy, leaving the imagination to people the air and rocks and rivers and seas with all conceivable shapes of beauty and terror, then poetry was found in its simplest forms, giving utterance to the wildness and tenderness and strength of human feeling. Nothing has gone deeper into the soul of man than the rhythmical language of true poetry in that period; and that, because nothing has come out from deeper places of the soul. We speak here not of the inspiration of prophecy nor of that of piety. They are unrivalled. Probably David the king and Watts the divine have given wings and spiritual vision and elective fire to more souls than all the uninspired and unsanctified men of their period or any other. Hear what a living French poet says of his own art. "Naïve and simple," says LaMartine, "in the cradle of nations; fabulous and marvellous as a nurse by the child's crib; amorous and pastoral among a young and rural people; warlike and epic among the warrior and conquering hordes; mystic,

lyric, prophetic or sententious in the theocracies of Egypt and Judea; grave, philosophic and corrupting in the advanced civilizations of Rome, of Florence or of Louis XIV.; dishevelled and howling in the epochs of convulsions and ruins, as in '93; new, melancholy, uncertain, timid, audacious at the same time, in the days of social regeneration and reconstruction as ours! Later in the old age of nations, sad, sombre, groaning and discouraged as they, and breathing at the same time in its strophes the mournful presentiments, the fantastic dreams of the world's last catastrophe, and the firm and divine hopes of a resurrection of humanity under another form; such is poetry."

M. Vinet in his fine critique on this view of poetry, has said, "There was no poetry in Eden. Poetry is creation; to be a poet, is to reconstruct the universe; and what had the man of Eden to create, and why should he reconstruct the universe? When innocence retired weeping from our world, she met poetry on the threshold; they passed by each other, cast on each other one look of tender recognition, and pursued their way, one towards heaven, the other towards the habitations of men." This solves the mystery of poetry. It is reconstruction, not of what we personally have seen, but of the beautiful world which our great progenitor knew, and for which we were created. Hence true poetry is at once truth and exaggeration. Hence its response in every heart, and its universal charm.

Go back to that earliest singer in the land of Uz; an Arab prince or sheik, perhaps of Abraham's stock. We call him Job, and think we know him. His soul was very deep, his eye was very clear, his vision very wide. He was indeed only a man, and therefore erred in his interpretation of God's ways. Still he went very deep into the great secret of the universe, very deep; and so was a true poet.

How shall we speak of Milton and Shakspeare and Dante! See the world of riches in the *Paradise Lost*; its

landscapes, its theological philosophy, its portraits of angels and devils, its Paradise and Hell, its battles in mid heaven, the coming down of Messiah to decide the contest ! In a word, gaze upon that mighty monument of genius, the sixth book of *Paradise Lost* ! And remember that all this was the product of one mind ; remember that it was written in declining life, and after the saddest reverse of fortune ! His voice is to us, now the sweetest flow of a limpid stream, now the “ seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.” His mind was like the angels’ gymnastic ground, where

“ O’er their heads,
Celestial armory, shield, helm and spear,
Hung bright, with diamond flaming and with gold.”

Dante has been called “ the voice of ten silent centuries singing his mystic, unfathomable song.” Look at him quitting the *Inferno*, and moving up into the *Purgatorio*, as he believed it ; false as fact—most true, most beautiful, as emblem. It is the mountain of Purification, an emblem of Repentance. The “ tremolar dell ’onde,” that trembling of the ocean-waves under the first pure gleam of morning, dawning afar off upon the wandering poet, is exquisite. “ Hope has now dawned ; never dying hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. The obscure sojourn of demons and reprobate is under foot ; a soft breathing of penitence mounts higher and higher, to the throne of mercy itself.”

It is a valuable suggestion of Carlyle, that this whole *Divina Comedia* must be regarded as embodying the religious heart and faith of the middle ages, and the dramas of Shakspeare as embodying the chivalry of past ages, the outer world ; viewed in this light, what creations they are !

We must now leave them, and illustrate intellectual greatness by one more class ; the *Orators* ; men who em-

ploy those "native colors and graces of speech, as true eloquence, the daughter of virtue, can best bestow upon her mother's praises." We know nothing on earth to compare justly with the power of genuine oratory. Poetry is powerful. But it is to be read or sung, away from the poet. And its language is not the language of ordinary life. Hence it pleases more, hence its dignity and mysterious magic ; and hence too, it sways the judgment less, and sinks not so deep into the soul as oratory. The speaker is there to utter his own words. It is a living man before you. He is full of truth. He is a believer, he feels, and he must make you feel. He is there to explain his meaning, to urge his conviction, to communicate his feeling by numberless signs. His attitude speaks, his eye, the muscles of the face, the body, the arm, the hand, yea the fingers speak. But above all, the voice ; this gives the fullest and mightiest utterance to the spirit of man. And under the full inspiration of a great theme and a great occasion, it is, as one has well described it, "the piercing of a sword, a winged thunderbolt, prostrating all opposition, inflaming all souls." It were superfluous here to refer you to the men who have displayed this power to a high degree.

We have now dwelt so long upon the merely intellectual endowments of the human soul as to allow us only a brief space for the moral and religious sentiments. These are our link to the unseen, the spiritual world and to God its author, infinite in being and excellence. Here is the true dignity of man, that he is capable of knowing and loving God, and of being loved by him. Let man look within himself, and behold amid all other wonders, the greatest wonder of creative power. Let him think of his own conscience and heart, as ranking him among the first of creatures ; the conscience, that eye to catch the smile or frown of God, that ear to hear his approving or condemning voice ; that heart to reciprocate his love ! Here are spiritual and deathless powers, which, if they had never

been perverted, would have made him the object of God's unchanging love. These too are the faculties by which God's Spirit communes with us and dwells within us, refining our spirits, and in this our state of apostacy, subduing our selfishness and self will, restoring the lost image of our heavenly Father, and bringing our weak and fallen nature into full conformity to Christ's glorious person. And the superior degree of these powers has been possessed in a thousand instances to one of intellectual power. The solemn conflicts with passion and temptation, the victory over self, the adherence to duty amidst scorn and abandonment, the lofty hopes, the calm reliance on God, the weakness and patience under injuries, the fortitude and courage of pious men and women; Oh, these are greater things than crowns and sceptres, greater than genius, greater than any and all things else on earth. What is greater in man than Hope, when it takes the faithfulness of God for its assurance, and with smiling visage and brilliant eye, lays a strong hand upon the everlasting promises! How clear is the vision of that eye that looks undazzled and undiverted upon the throne of God, claims no less than a possession amidst those celestial fields and glorious mansions, a companionship with the princes of heaven, and to be a brother to him who occupies the throne. Is there any thing out of heaven more truly excellent than the mild virtues of such women as Mary, the mother of our Lord, Lady Russell, and the Dairyman's Daughter? I know nothing sweeter than the youth and the early piety of President Edwards. It was eminently a combination of the highest form of intellectual, spiritual, and domestic life. His first religious exercises are pure, meek, quiet, humble, and yet exalted to a degree truly angelical. You cannot read a few pages at the commencement of his diary, without feeling a heavenly atmosphere around your soul. And our idea of these mental powers thus sanctified will be enlarged by surveying their influence on society. It is

seen in the domestic circle, where woman sheds a pure and gentle light on her own little empire, making home to every inmate the dearest place on earth. It is seen in the immense influence wrought by the formers and reformers of society ; in the silent and gentle labors of the pious teacher, or in the mighty efforts of Luther and many modern missionaries, of the men who wrote what has been well styled the martyr-literature of England, "characterized by a depth and seriousness of feeling, a direct and powerful flashing upon the soul, superior to any remains of Greek literature." Here are the most admirable combinations of the highest faculties.

By this superficial glance at the mind, as its powers have been developed by many individuals in different ages of the world, we may form some estimate of the worth of the human intellect and heart, of your mental powers and of mine as individuals.

We are now led to inquire into the causes of that general neglect and undervaluing of the true riches and ornaments which every one possesses. That there is such neglect and undervaluing, can scarcely need to be proved. The evidence of it lies upon the very surface of society. It is seen in the frivolous amusements to which those of every class resort, not so much for the legitimate purpose of relaxing minds that have been bent to their utmost, as to prevent the mind from preying on itself. It is seen in the style and topics of conversation ; in the class of books and papers now most in demand ; in the solicitude of parents to have the course of education soon finished, and their children out making their fortunes, and enjoying the world ; in the habit of most young persons to abandon the severe employment of the intellectual powers, immediately on quitting the school, and finally, in the type of piety most prevalent among the serious, which may be characterized as desiring to make sure of happiness hereafter, rather than striving after the highest attainments in

holiness, and the most intimate communion with God now. Here is the betrayal of an undervaluing of those distinguishing powers which God has conferred upon us, and which may be trained to an indefinite extent ; and of a disregard to those spiritual enjoyments of which man, every man is capable.

The root and origin of it all is, unquestionably, our alienation from God. Having forsaken him as our portion, his favor as our happiness, and his law as our standard, we have fallen into many false notions and evil habits, which go to confirm that alienation, by making us insensible to the immensity of our loss. By departing from God, we have sunk from the infinite to the finite, from the eternal to the transient, from the elevated and pure and true, to the low and vile and false. Tinsel and glare and baubles have come to content us whom God made to be satisfied with himself alone. Had man abode with God in the posture of a child, a pupil, a servant, a subject, then had God kept in exercise all those powers which make man most resemble God. Then had he taught us to despise all that is trivial and superficial and low. As it is now, man has fortified himself in this degraded state, that he may not be discontented with it, nor made to rise higher. See how strong his shield and fortresses are. There is indolence, which dreads the struggle to arouse the soul and keep it awake and active in the pursuit of great objects ; pride, which refuses to be judged by a standard that exposes our defects ; ignorance which keeps us unacquainted with the powers we are thus neglecting to cultivate and exercise. And then we are creatures of fashion ; that is, we estimate as valuable and important what the world estimates so ; we have come even to despise that enthusiasm which is the soul of greatness, as it gives the soul an infinitely more worthy object of pursuit than self. And even very many converted men have regarded piety as something else than actual, ardent, active love to God and men.

Let us then for a moment turn to the consequences of this neglect. They may be summed up in these—mental slavery, poverty, waste, misery, hurtfulness and irreparable loss. There is no slavery so pitiable as that of the mind; and no abolitionists should be so earnest as those who would break these chains. There is the slavery of fashionable life, which may be described as the pursuit of excitement that costs the intellect nothing, and as obedience to a code of laws issued by an unseen, unknown, and utter tyrant. Some are born into this circle, and the more to be pitied; some are attracted to it by its arrogant pretensions to superiority, refinement and knowledge of the world. With all these, it is a system of slavery where no one can choose the right, and govern himself by sound reason and an enlightened conscience, where none dares to be serious or earnest, except about trifles. There is the slavery of political life and of party, whether in church, state, reform, or any where else. There is a humiliating want of the manly exercise of a true independence. The majority of our people have but exchanged masters. With all their Fourth of July noise and flags and speeches and toasts, there is an exceeding want both of ability, and desire and courage to be free. To be able to be independent, and to desire and dare to be independent, requires a true knowledge of our individual worth and responsibility, a true conquest of ourselves, and a full submission to God. With all our boast of freedom and intelligence, there is a vast deal of puppetism among us; men pulled by wires that others hold. And it is a worse feature of society even than this, that when we undertake to be free, we bungle and stumble and make such sad work, that in very shame and disappointment, like the French people, we swing from Louis XVI. to Napoleon I. There is in the world much unquietness and dissatisfaction with slavery. That is well, so far as it goes, as a commencement, the very faintest commencement of a healthful pulsation. We do

not yet know how to be free ; for freedom requires a true estimate of ourselves, a love of submission to all rightful authority, and a desire to use our powers for their legitimate purposes. This ignorance and under-estimate of ourselves moreover makes us poor. And nothing shows mental poverty more clearly than the ordinary commerce of conversation. Rich nations and rich merchants traffic in costly, substantial, elegant, valuable merchandize. And so do rich minds. But what a petty traffic do the chief part of mankind keep up with one another. Suppose the conversation of one day to be written down and printed, and submitted to the inspection of angels, nay, of men themselves ; what could they think of but Vanity-fair ? Tinselled ware, glass diamonds, poisonous stimulants, worn-out articles, thread-bare garments for the spirit, yea, even the garbage of slander ; such is the stock in trade of that vast busy throng in the city, the village, the highway. Here and there is one who knows the worth of speech, and enriches himself and others by all his intercourse. There are only a few who talk to any good purpose. There are few whose conversation does not betray a total suspension of all their sublimer faculties ; who are not mere automatons to keep in motion the common places of the day. Another consequence of this neglect is that waste of mind which was so well described here two years ago.* Men would not waste their time nor their mental power, if they knew the worth of both these treasures. But when they have made outward and material things to constitute the chief good which their souls pursue and cherish, to these outward things they must give themselves, because the heart will be where the treasure is ; and then we have the rushing and scrambling for perishable riches and human honors and ephemeral pleasures. The shrewd, calculating faculty, the lower intellectual power, the selfish, the ani-

* In an Address by Prof. Hitchcock.

mal, are brought vigorously into exercise ; while all that is truly elevated slumbers and dwindles, and finally perishes of inanition. Here is thus, in the course of each human life so spent, an incalculable, an irreparable loss. No numbers can express it. What the man might have been and done, and what he is and has done, are at an immeasurable distance from each other. He, the community, the universe have suffered more than if thousands of merely material worlds were annihilated. And there has been too through the whole course, an amount of hurtfulness which we should not overlook. He has helped to make others estimate themselves and worldly good and true excellence just as falsely as he has done. And withal, this ignorance and neglect is a source of much of the misery of man. Is the mountain-eagle happy in a cage ? He may eat and sleep there ; but his wings, where are they, and of what use ; and where that strong eye made to gaze upon the sun ? Alas, it grows dim in the darkness of its prison. It has been a long experiment this—to be happy without employing the whole mind, and without exercising the heart in its purest and best sensibilities. It has forever failed. If man was made for knowledge, for truth, to scale its steep mountains and dig into its deep mines, if he was made for God and his love, if for benevolence, active, self-denying, laborious, constant, then you cannot make him happy in substituting for this, the gathering of dollars, the keeping, nor the expending them on himself ; then amusements, then ease and indolence, then the world in any form, and selfishness at its best estate cannot save him from misery. And it is painful to see how many people are being educated to be miserable. How hard men toil, how patient and persevering they are, only to get a more honorable or fashionable or luxurious kind of misery !

And is there no remedy ? We believe there is, and therefore we speak.

That is, there are certain points toward which we may direct our course, with the reasonable hope of reaching a higher position than we have yet attained. The first is that endlessly improvable matter :

Education. Every body feels that they have a right to complain of it, and we must have our share, for our hint may be useful somewhere. We say ; the faculties ought all to be trained. These superior capacities of which we have spoken, are mostly either entirely neglected or very superficially regarded in our systems of instruction and mental discipline. We remark for instance, this radical defect, that whatever may be the subject of study, the motives actuating the pupil are not generally attended to with sufficient care. The motive or the reason for doing any thing is that which constitutes the whole of character. And when the heart of a pupil is actuated only by the lower class of motives, every page he studies, every step he advances under the influence of those motives, increases at once his intellectual strength and his moral depravity. Imagine all the motives which may actuate the human mind to be arranged in the order of their excellence, making a scale somewhat in this wise. Lowest of all is selfishness, or the desire to secure self-gratification at the expense or neglect of others' happiness. This is the essence of sin. Then there is a class that in themselves have no moral character, only as they are controlled by the benevolent or selfish principle. They are, the desire of self-approbation—the love of approbation—the love of knowledge—the love of achievement or success—the love of power. Then come the holy motives of—the desire to glorify God—the desire to please him—the desire to make others happy and holy. It seems to me that every parent and teacher ought to have an entire familiarity with that scale of motives, a keen discernment of the states of the mind in the exercise of each of them respectively, an incessant and vigilant attention to motives

as they come into operation at every step and stage of study. This lies at the root of education for usefulness, for true greatness and for happiness; for every time you indulge a motive, you strengthen it. And again, we mean by educating all the faculties, something very different from going through a certain set of studies chiefly in reference to the acquisition of facts or principles instead of the thorough and harmonious cultivation of the individual faculties and susceptibilities. The course of study ought to be selected mainly in reference to that. The human mind may be compared to a watch out of order, and education to the process of repairing. No two watches are to receive the same treatment. The particular difficulty, defect, derangement, excess or deficiency of each one is to be discovered, and the process of reparation directed there. Now much of our educating is like a watchmaker taking a hundred watches and setting them in a row, and first applying a file to them all, and then a hammer and then a blow-pipe and then a screw-driver, because files and hammers and blow-pipes and screw-drivers are all to come in somewhere in horology. In fact the nobler powers, the better feelings and faculties need to be aroused, while the animal and the ignoble must be constantly checked in the large majority of the youthful minds. In fact, one of the most striking features of Edwards's experience is, that with all his elevation of spirit, he found a constant effort necessary to keep his better powers in action. Let a few specimens suffice. We suppose that every child could be made to feel more or less sympathy with nature or the works of God. There are germs of poetry in every human heart, and every human soul can be made to love flowers and stars and fields and woods, because they are all unmingled beauty and untainted by sin, and friendly to self-knowledge, to benevolence and purity and communion with God. Let the cultivation of that feeling command the best efforts of the first talents, while the germs of poetry and

eloquence are thus cherished, and the habit of self-communion is formed. The sublime and the beautiful in matter and mind can be held before the youthful eye under the discriminating remarks and the animated feelings of the teacher until the love of beauty, the quick appreciation of the true, the simple, the grand in nature, in man and in God, together with the deep abhorrence of deformity, defilement and meanness become fundamental elements of the character. We would dwell upon the formation in the youthful mind of a love of history and of a discriminating judgment of character and events—a correct taste and judgment concerning literature, so necessary now,—the formation of a due estimate of the value of their own powers, and the importance of cultivating them—the pure love of knowledge and of mental effort—the admiration of God’s attributes, and (we speak simply of what every teacher should incessantly aim to accomplish under the divine blessing) an ardent, childlike love of his character—the admiration of the soul as it was manifested in Christ’s human nature, and as it will become in every regenerated spirit—the deep sympathy of the heart for man in his present position and prospects—the full comprehension of what we may do for his everlasting well-being.

In addition to this positive course, we suggest the checking false tendencies ; the correction of prejudices and error which are early formed, and which exceedingly injure the mind and heart ; the checking and chastening of the exuberant imagination which early gives a wrong direction to the whole character.

We would suggest another general view on the subject of Education ; that it should aim to prepare the pupil for real life ; to meet and mingle not with fairies and angels and blue beards, but just such erring, feeble, prejudiced, fickle, selfish, suffering people as fill the world and make up society. Children are deceived by their imaginations,

and, remain undeceived and untaught by their teachers, as to the kind of the world they live in, the kind of people they are to mingle with, yes, and the kind of beings they themselves are. The single habit of questioning in every case of difficulty with another, whether I am not wrong, is worth more than a pile of classic authors stowed in the mind of a self-conceited, irritable scholar. True, much must be learned by experience; yet the teacher should keep the real world in view in the whole course of training. To know how to treat every human being with whom we have intercourse is not put down on college catalogues; but if I had a son, I should prefer to send him a fifth year to a competent professor of that important and attainable art. How much of human happiness depends on conversation! And conversation is as truly an art as writing or medical practice. Now we ask; where is it taught? Education too should prepare the mind for the world as a scene of temptation and probation. Education should educate both sexes, but chiefly woman for home. That is her empire. She is mainly responsible for its prosperity, its peace, its moral riches, its order, its splendor. Music has its place, its important place there, and is indispensable to the highest governance of the domestic empire. Let it be remembered however, that the tongue is employed more hours than the piano; and if she can learn to play well on only one, let it be the former. Our views of education would embrace an anticipation that the pupils are to be loyal subjects of Christ's kingdom, members of his visible church and heirs of his glory, and aim to qualify them for the highest stations in all these, of which they may be capable. This impression must be deepest in the teacher's heart. If it be not, he will fail to educate aright.

Our second remedy is in *Home Education*. At home the great work of forming the character is chiefly to be done. And the world will continue to go wrong and be

wrong, until the duties of the parental office are better understood and more faithfully discharged. There the finer social feelings, the delicate sense of propriety, the respect for age, the submission to authority, the study of mutual happiness, the attention to the lesser wants of others, the constant anticipation of their changing necessities and feelings, the habit of fulfilling the duties of the most important relations of life are all to be cherished.

Our last proposed remedy is the *promoting religious faith*. There was never greatness of any kind without some kind of faith. Skepticism is spiritual death. Its brilliant intellect is the rotten-wood glow that scares and amuses children. Heartlessness is not the glory of man. To know so much as to believe nothing is not greatness, but meanness. All poetry, all science, all philosophy, all loveliness, require faith. And religious faith is the highest form. It beholds and loves and trusts and fears God, a Being of infinite greatness. The problems which it solves are connected with his plans and purposes; the hope which it indulges is the inspiration of his truth. The glories to which it aspires are both pure and eternal, and so are its treasures, its friendships and its dwelling-place. Its study is chiefly the mystery of Redemption. These are the occupations of the intellect and the heart. Its love is chiefly exercised on the infinite excellence of God. Its hatred is concentrated on the odiousness of sin. Man in the unestimated value of his soul, in his exposure to an eternal evil and his capacity for an endless happiness, is the object of its sympathy. Prayer is its highest employment. Reasoning with God, persuading God, and working in harmony with God, such is religious faith. Its struggles are with a depraved heart; its aspirings are after perfect holiness. The animosity of the believer is mainly directed against the defects in his own character. For other men he has charity, compassion, forbearance, sympathy. Such is the true believer. There are no trifles in

his life. When he unbends, it is the bird of heaven gathering strength for another and loftier flight. I do not say how many such believers are now in the world. I say there are such ; there must be more, more by hundreds of millions, and when they come, there will be more real greatness, more varied loveliness, more mental power, more pure happiness, than the world has ever seen. Worldliness in all its forms is skepticism, and skepticism is hollow, weak, poor. Faith in the great realities of the revelation of God makes a man, a nation truly great and truly lovely. I admit that there have never been many periods of the revival of religious faith when its true influence was exhibited on a broad scale. Such a day however was seen throughout Central Europe, when Martin Luther began to be a true believer. His faith struck a light to guide millions up from the damp, dark caverns of superstition into a lovely day of liberty and holy fellowship with Christ. Such a day was seen when a baptism of the Spirit came upon England, and its intellect put on the loveliest and the loftiest forms it has ever assumed. It has been well said that "no one can have shrines erected to his memory in the hearts of the men of distant generations, unless his own heart was an altar on which daily sacrifices of fervent devotion and magnanimous self-denial were offered to the only true object of human worship."

This has been too much overlooked, that an essential element of greatness is self-restraint, self-renunciation ; and that nothing secures self-renunciation but faith. How can skepticism carry one out of himself, when its very nature is the exaggeration of self? Man must believe in something, must love something, must pursue some chief interest. And when that something is self, and that interest is self-interest, there is skepticism. Faith is its antagonist. It is the generous believing, confiding in God as infinitely more real and excellent than self, in God's glory as infinitely more worthy of pursuit

than anything connected with self. Faith in the incarnation of the Son of God, in his substitution for man before the law, in his vicarious humiliation and suffering and sacrifice, is the strongest power to lift man to the dignity and purity and loveliness of self-renunciation. The cardinal doctrine of the world in its selfishness and skepticism, is this—suffering, obscurity, contempt of men are the great evils of life. Hence as the paths of duty and glory lie generally with us, as with Jesus, through shame and sorrow, these are forsaken paths. Hence, as the greatest stimulant to the human intellect is not found in the petty objects connected with self, a large portion of every one's power lies undeveloped and paralyzed under the deadening influence of selfishness and skepticism. Hence, as selfishness is out of harmony with truth, the soul must be kept in the fetters of prejudice and falsehood and half-truths and contradictions and absurdities. Ah! here is the waste of mind. It may occur to some that men without faith have displayed the most entire self-renunciation in commercial and military and scientific pursuits. We admit it, and call your attention to two considerations. In the majority of cases, they would have acknowledged their zeal to terminate on self, so that there was no self-renunciation. And their very zeal for science and victory and wealth was an imitation of faith which renounces a present sensible interest for one unseen and distant. And if any one should suppose that this form of selfishness and of skepticism as to nobler ends has developed as much mental power as faith, let it be suggested that selfishness may arouse the active powers, and sustain their active exercise. Mere activity however is not sufficient for the accomplishment of the most important ends of life. Let us refer to two eminent military men for confirmation. John Churchill the Duke of Marlborough, under Queen Anne, who preserved the Protestant powers of Europe from the grasp of Louis XIV. and the Jesuits, was a man of faith

and prayer. His military talents were of the first order. His name was a terror to the French armies. But there were junctures in that terrible period when mere military talent would have proved utterly insufficient. The Dutch government was jealous, selfish and narrow; the English faction created by French gold was very powerful. And had Marlborough's military zeal originated in selfishness, or even loyalty, it could not have endured the fiery trials to which his spirit was exposed. His presence and unre-mitted labors had become indispensable to the preservation of European liberty and the Protestant cause. Just at that period his enemies succeeded in destroying his reputation at home, and in diminishing his military resources on the continent. Nothing but his pure faith in God saved him then from either turning traitor or abandoning his post. But he labored still, just as if England appreciated and Holland sustained him. He was one of the master spirits of the Christian era; and his character derived its strength and beauty from his faith in God. The same seems to us true of Washington, whose position and trials and conduct were remarkably similar to Marlborough's.

We have placed this point last, because we would have it left last upon the memory. The human powers are wasted by unbelief. Human labor is lost by toiling for perishing good. The richest endowments, the most glorious capacities are withered and wasted under the chilling frosts of unbelief. Human society is full of heartlessness and frivolity, because men do not believe God's testimony, and so know not what to live for, robbing the affections of their legitimate objects, and cramping the soul to a sphere too narrow for its ethereal powers.

Look then from the elevated position of man's immortal endowments to the world at large, and to the condition of individual minds. Why is there not everywhere a rush to the rescue of mind from its degradation! Alas, a rush will not save it. Patient, steady, humble, earnest work

and prayer are alone availing. Count the millions of the human race who know nothing of the powers that slumber within them. They walk like the inhabitants of a gold region, careless and poor over a soil full of the most precious materials. And will no one go to arouse them to a sense and consciousness of their own dignity and immortal value? Yes, some are going, more are going; and we must continue steadily with growing zeal to aid them. And at home we must prize more the individual soul, and labor to bring it forth to the exercise of all those wonderful powers which God has conferred upon it. We have come together to-day to study anew the science of mental mineralogy, to contemplate anew the hidden treasures of the mind. And since we find that the roughest specimen may contain the most precious qualities; that no work is so important as the working out and polishing that precious material; and that nothing can be more for the glory of God, the good of our country and individual happiness, let us give ourselves to this great work, by God's help. We see that general education may be improved, that domestic education is an indispensable instrument of elevating mankind, and that the promotion of a living faith is necessary for securing to God that revenue of glory which is his due, and to man that blessedness for which he was created. Our task is then before us; in God's strength let us do it. And as we see that the institution whose anniversary has convened us, is accomplishing all these objects with growing success; let us praise God, take courage, and cherish the Mount Holyoke Seminary.

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